

April Fool's Day?

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Summary: Muggle reporters have found out about Hogwarts, Diagon Alley, Hogsmeade, and magic itself, and they're broadcasting it live... internationally! I sent this in for Flourish's Fanfic Challenge, and couldn't wait any longer to get it posted.

Sorry!!!

April Fool's Day?

> <meta name="Generator"> 5:59 PM, 4/1/04, Central Kentucky

April Fool's Day?

By ~~Daphne

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5:59 PM, 4/1/04, Central Kentucky

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"Eh, Marge?" Frank yelled up the stairs in their country home.

"What?" she screeched, hobbling down the creaky steps.

"E news is comin' on!" he replied, sitting on the faded couch, turning the television on to its only channel, bringing his t. v. dinner onto his lap.

She sat next to him and waited for the commercials to end when he turned to her.

"A few 'ours ago, a man with white hair rang the bell buttor with balloons, confetti, and a ton of cameramen. He be askin' fer ya! I chased him and 'is cameramen off the property when they refused to leave You expectin' 'im?"

"Ed McMahon?!? You chased Ed McMahon off the property, you pooter!" she screeched, whacking Frank out of the couch, "I coulda won millins! Millins of dollars!"

"Foo's Day, Marge! April Foo's Day!" he yelled, standing up.

"Oh" she whispered, embarrassed, "Lookit! Them news is on!"

"And what a Fool's Day it was! Jokes were being played at every corner-" followed by a click and static.

"What the heck?" Frank muttered, smacking the t. v. and playing with its antennas.

"Peter Jennings, where have you gone?!?" Marge repeatedly wailed.

All of a sudden, a different man appeared on the channel, running around in heavy mist, approaching a lake.

"I repeat this is not a joke! We at International Broadcasting Company have proof that magic does exist! We are approaching a wizard school where real magic is learned by students, then a wizard alley of stores, then a wizard village! I repeat, this is not a-"

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6:09 PM, 4/1/04, The Burrow

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"-joke!"

Mrs. Weasley dropped the plates she was moving from one cabinet to another, landing on the floor with a crash. She listened to the muggle news when she wanted entertainment, but this was totally unexpected.

"ARTHUR!!!" she screamed, flinging open the door to the garage where he was working on a microwave.

He dropped his tools, waiting for his fate. "Yes Molly? Dearest? What have I done this time, cauldron cake?" he managed to squeak.

"YOU?!?" she continued to scream, "Nothing! It's that muggle television of yours! Go! Go listen!" she shooed him into the kitchen.

He raced through the door and watched the anchor approach a castle.

"Yes, ladies and gents, magic does exist! This will prove it! It's a wizardry school called what's the name? Hog-"

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6:13 PM, 4/1/04, Dumbledore's Office

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"-warts! They're here at Hogwarts!" McGonagall finished, "How? What happened, Dumbledore? I thought this school was enchanted! Are you even listening to me?" she yelled, pacing in his office.

"I thought you knew. What day is today, Professor?" Dumbledore replied calmly.

"First of April. I guess I don't know!" she replied smartly.

"And what year is it, Professor?" he asked.

"2004." She muttered, becoming angrier with every second.

"And what happens to this school every 187 years, on the first of April?"

"187?" she thought, "April first? Well, the school loses most of it's enchantments" she realized.

"And the school becomes visible if only one muggle believes in it without actually knowing of a wizard. A blind belief." He finished smugly.

She wanted to scream her head off for not realizing that. How stupid of her! But instead, she asked, "So what will become of the children? Can we stop them from getting in?" By "them" she meant the reporters.

"Well, we can't do anything about the muggles, but the children should report back to their common rooms as soon as possible, yes?"

"Yes, Dumbledore." She scurried out of his office as he turned to the television.

"And you see this door? I wonder if it's locked Wizards? Would you let us come - "

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6:21 PM, 4/1/04, Number Four Privet Drive

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"- in?" the reporter finished.

Vernon and Petunia Dursley turned to each other, fear in their eyes.

"What if they see that that that boy?" Petunia stuttered, "They'll know he's ours. The neighbors what will the neighbors think?"

"Why does Harry seem to be getting so much attention lately?" Dudley whined.

"SHUT UP BOY!!!" Vernon yelled, waving his fists in the air.

"Yes, Duddikins, please go to your room and play with that new remote control G-Man we just bought you!" Petunia shooed him up stairs and

turned to Vernon, "So what shall we do?"

"We wait and listen. Maybe they won't even get into the castle!" Vernon grumbled, turning his attention to the television, where the news anchor was having a bit of trouble getting in.

"Yes Geoffrey, are we allowed to bust in there? Well, we'll wait a minute I think we'll turn our cameras to Gus at the wizard alley What is it called?"

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6:29 PM, 4/1/04, Buckingham Palace

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"Queen Miriam, have you seen what is on television?" the official counselor asked the queen herself.

"Yes William, I have. Would you please excuse us?" Queen Miriam replied, asking her audience to leave.

"Are you, aware of the untruth of this television broadcast?"

"Quite the opposite, William. Quite the opposite If normal public know about this It could get very bad."

"Are you saying you know of this nonsense?" the counselor asked, shocked.

"I am this nonsense." The Queen replied shortly.

"What do you mean your highness?" he asked, wanting to know more.

"Those of England's Royal Blood are part magic. We can do magic like those that go to that school, and must keep it a secret, lest the public find out."

"Part magic? I don't understand, your highness."

"We keep their existence a secret, the other magic folk's existence. And they keep ours. This is totally out of control, the broadcast, but there isn't anything I could possibly do about it. It's international. Anything we could do, William?" Queen Miriam asked him.

After recovering from the shock, he replied, "We could call them?"

"Wonderful idea! Get me a telephone, William!"

"One moment please."

William raced out of the room as Queen Miriam turned back to the television to watch as one of the best secrets of all time diminish on a broadcast.

"Hello, World! My name is Gus, and we are approaching a wizard alley, Diagon-"

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6:35 PM, 4/1/04, Gryffindor Tower

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"-Alley" the loud television finished from Professor Flitwick's classroom, located near the tower.

"TURN THAT THING OFF! THE CHILDREN WILL HEAR YOU!" Professor McGonagall yelled.

"What's going on, Professor?" Hermione asked her head of house professor.

"Nothing that concerns you, dear." McGonagall rushed around, throwing floo powder into the fireplace to notify other teachers of the danger they were in.

"Oh Are you sure?" Hermione asked, concerned for her stressed professor.

"Of course dear," she stepped into the fireplace, "Professor Snape's Office!"

A second later, she was engulfed in smoke, leaving behind a blistering fire.

"I wonder what's up with her?" Hermione muttered, walking from the fireplace to the window, where Harry stood, totally confused.

"So what's up with you?" Hermione said, aggravated.

"Do you see them?" Harry asked, pointing to the entrance on the far right.

"Yeah who are they?" she replied, leaning out to get a better look. "Wait a minute those people aren't magic. They look like"

"Reporters. MUGGLE reporters. Thank goodness I'm not imagining them!" Harry finished, sitting on the window edge. Hermione followed suit.

"How can they see us?" Hermione asked, glancing slightly at the reporters knocking furiously at the door.

"I don't know, but I bet that's why McGonagall was so stressed." He replied, leaning out very far to catch a glimpse of the reporters once more, yet this was possibly a big mistake. The reporters immediately pointed towards him and wandered over to the other side of the lake, directly in front of the Gryffindor Tower.

"Geoffrey! Get us back on the air! We've found somebody!" the reporter exclaimed.

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7:03 PM, 4/1, The White House

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"So how did they find out?" he asked, suddenly solemn.

"Well, Mr. Frontier, there's some legend, about a non-magic person believing in magic. That makes it visible for only one day, April first. That's how I get it." Madeleine McCarthy explained to the president.

"Why is this a threat?" the President asked, rolling forward in his chair.

"It's a threat to all magic people. They're everywhere. You just don't realize it, and if the non-magic people find out, they'll want magic. It could cause an uprising for power. You see?" she explained once more while people were working frantically to solve this.

"How can we stop this?" Mr. Frontier asked, picking up the phone to call the Queen, or the vice president, or even the headmaster himself.

"We could transport you there, on the scene, I guess. It's up to you." She persuaded.

"On Air Force One? Heck no. That would be very bad, because it will make people believe. Believe that it's real. I think we have the date on our side, however."

"April first April Fool's Day?" Madeleine inquired, intrigued.

"Exactly." He said, turning to the television as he picked up the phone to call Dumbledore.

"Yes people, we saw a boy. You sure we can't just climb up that _"

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7:20 PM, 4/1, Dumbledore's Office

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"-tower?" The reporter finished. Dumbledore was talking on the phone with the president, Snape just sent an owl to the Prime Minister by owl, and McGonagall was speaking with the Queen. The president's idea was one to be brought up on.

"McGonagall, listen to this." He said, handing over the phone to the professor.

"Hello?" she asked.

"This is the president. I think we have the date on our side, you just have to listen to me."

"What are you talking about? I'll listen." She replied huffily.

"I hear you can do such things as Memory Charms. If you lead the

reporter into Hogwarts and do a Memory Charm on him, to make him go outside and say 'Ha! April Fool's Day!' at midnight. He would explain how the castle was just computer animated, and IBC let them do a prank joke on the world. What do you think?" the president explained.

"I think that sounds good. But what should we do with the children? They've already seen Harry Potter, and maybe Hermione Granger!" McGonagall agreed to the plot, however unsure if it would work.

"Don't do anything. Lead him in by the children, telling him that he could tell the reporters all about it later. Oh yeah, do a Memory charm on all the cameramen, and the other reporters. Just in case."

"Okay. That sounds good. Thank you, Mr. President." McGonagall slowly hung up the phone, realizing the risks of what they were planning on doing. Taking a reassuring look at the headmaster, she grabbed the magical microphone and called an emergency meeting.

"All students, professors, caretakers, ghosts, portraits, and poltergeists, please report to the Great Hall--"

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7:30 PM, 4/1, Gryffindor Tower

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"-immediately! There is an emergency meeting now!" the loudspeaker rang.

"So this is the meeting. What're we going to do?" Harry asked Hermione, looking grim.

"What're you talking about?" Ron exclaimed as they made their way out of the portrait hole.

"There are muggle reporters out there, Ron! They want to get into Hogwarts! And guess what?" Hermione said quickly.

"Ummm, what?" Ron said, confused.

"THEY'RE FROM IBC! THE WORLD KNOWS ABOUT US!" Hermione yelled, making people stare.

"You mean the channel my mum watches all the time?" Ron said, scratching his head. There was a long pause before Ron broke into fits of laughter. "Ha! That was a great joke you all! April Fools Day always gets me no, seriously. What's up?"

"We're serious Ron. Can we see the entrance from here? Look out the window." Harry stated, leaning out one of the windows in a hallway on their way to the Great Hall.

Ron followed suit, and gasped loudly. "You all were serious?"

The others nodded. Ron fell back against the wall, hand on forehead, and muttered. "So what do we do now?"

"We go to the emergency meeting." Hermione said, picking Ron off the floor and making her own way down the steps.

"There she goes! There she goes again! Racing down the lane! And I just can't contain this feeling I remain." Ron sang the words to "There She Goes", running after her.

"Those aren't the words, you dork!" Harry yelled, racing after him.

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8:11 PM, 4/1, The Great Hall

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"And that is what's going on. Do you realize what you need to do? Hermione, Harry, Draco, Ron? You too?" McGonagall asked, looking skeptically at the students in front of her. She had just explained what they were supposed to do. Hermione, Harry, Ron, and Draco were the ones to invite the reporter inside, and all the students would distract him while McGonagall did the Memory Charm. Then, Parvati and Dean Thomas would invite the cameramen inside, hide the other reporter, and Dumbledore would get the reporters at Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade, not to mention almost all of the workers at IBC. Then, they would perform, yet, another memory charm, and they'd send them back at midnight to "explain" what had happened. It was all so confusing!

"Yes, Professor." The students unanimously replied.

"So when do we start?" the over-excited Dean Thomas asked, ready for anything.

"Errr Now?" the nervous professor said, more of a statement than a question.

"We told you." Hermione and Harry turned around and unanimously said to Ron.

"Sounds like a sick April Fool's Day joke to me!" Ron grumbled, making his way to the entrance.

"It seems like there are people inside, but where are they? Ugh! Gus, back to you." The reporter turned the camera back to Diagon Alley, where his co-anchor was having much more luck than he was.

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8:19 PM, 4/1, Hogwart's Entrance

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"Everybody ready?" Professor McGonagall asked for the thousandth time.

"Yes! For the last time, yes! Gosh Professor, can we say ner-vous?" Ron muttered, peeking out the peephole of the door.

"It looks like we have them in good time. Their cameras are off I'd say now we do a fast body bind then take their cameras away!" Hermione pushed Ron away from the peephole and stated officially.

"That sounds good, Ms. Granger! Here you go Draco, no muggle-punishing, okay? Ron? Be serious for once. Harry, Hermione do your job." McGonagall fumbled, thinking of nothing else to say. She said a body bind and opened the door.

The four shuffled out the door. The frozen reporters stood wide-eyed as they made their way outside. Hermione was the first to break the silence.

"Hey! We are witches and wizards representing Hogwarts Academy. As you noticed, you can't move! We are now going to take your cameras away, okay? And we'll do some background explaining while we're at it."

The four snatched the cameras, microphones, and all other technical equipment and flew them into the nearest window. They then de-froze the reporter and asked for questions.

"Who are you? How did you do that?" the reporter, namely "Jim", asked, bewildered.

"Figures only a muggle would ask that!" Draco practically yelled.

Harry ignored the statement as he grabbed a roll of film that they missed. "You, and only you, are invited inside for now. You can get your equipment back later, and may tell your story about us later on, too. Okay?"

Ron was playing with the roll of film ("wow! What do these little brown squares do?") and Draco was flicking a cameraman in the ear when they were told to make their way inside.

"Welcome to Hogwarts!" McGonagall put on a fake smile to welcome him inside, opening the door to a mystery.

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8:58 PM, 4/1, The Great Hall

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"And look! We can make things change color! And did you know there were such things as dragons?" Seamus Finnigan frantically exclaimed, flipping the 305th page of "1000 Charms and Other Nifty Spells". "Professor, now would be a good time!" he muttered under his breath.

"I know, I know, I just hope Dumbledore's ready" McGonagall explained, grabbing her wand and performing the charm.

"You are a reporter named Jim Crawford from International Broadcasting Company. IBC said that you could do an April Fool's Day joke on the world, and you took up on the offer. The village, castle, and alley you 'saw' are computer animated, and at midnight, you are

going to explain how this entire thing was a prank. Anything I left out?" McGonagall glanced to her co-workers for support. The shook their heads, and she whispered a few words to transport him to a closet in the teacher's lounge.

Now for the next two they thought, making their way once more towards the entrance.

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11:52 PM, 4/1, The Grounds

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"Go!" Draco yelled, pushing the reporters and cameramen near the lake.

"Now, now, Draco, none of that. It's almost midnight! You all should be in bed!" Professor Flitwick exclaimed, hobbling back to the castle.

"Yes, in a few minutes, the castle will disappear. We should move out of the way, they'll become conscious in a minute." McGonagall said, shoos her unwilling students (Draco: But can I please sic the squid on 'em?) back into the safety of the school. Their film had been erased, and their microphones put back together.

McGonagall bolted the door shut. "Okay, it's midnight. They should wake up now. We're invisible."

"What're we doin' here, Jim?" one cameraman asked, scratching his head.

"We're supposed to film the explanation! You know, where we say that it was all computer animated?"

"Yeah well, get rolling! And Mark!" another cameraman began filming as the world watched Jim explain what had "fooled" the world.

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3:04 PM, 4/2, Central Kentucky

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The bell rang repeatedly as Marge hobbled over to the door.

"Hullo?" she grumbled, staring at the white-haired man and cameramen throwing confetti all over the place.

"Hello! We're with Publisher's Clearing House, and you have just won 30 million dollars! How do you feel, Marge Burmingham?" he smiled his perfect smile and held out the microphone waiting for Marge to speak.

"That ain't funny, Frank." She grumbled again, and slammed the door, leaving Ed McMahon and his cameramen totally confused.

A/N: Okay, this is probably the longest list of disclaimers anyone's ever seen! But Hey! Here we go: All Harry Potter characters, places, and things belong to J. K. Rowling and Bloomsbury Publishers. But! Marge, Frank, International Broadcasting Company, The remote control G-Man, William (the counselor), Jim Crawford (the anchor), Geoffrey (the cameraman) and Gus (the anchor) don't exist! Queen Miriam, I am not sure if you ever have existed as a queen of England, but I'm still sorry! I know it isn't even possible that you could possibly be magic, it's just an idea. All people, places, and things aren't meant to be retellings of real stories, if this has ever happened to you all no infringement meant! The song "There She Goes" is sang by Sixpence None the Richer and/or_____. Publisher's Clearing House does in no way shape or form belong to me, it belongs the Publisher's Clearing House, and the same way goes with Ed McMahon. He is a real person, and I am sorry if you didn't want me to use you as a name, but PLEASE don't sue, just ask me to change the name, okay? The White House is a place in Washington D. C., and Mr. Frontier is not the president. Madeleine McCarthy doesn't exist either. Air Force One is a plane, belonging to the United States Air Force and the U. S. Government. Buckingham Palace is a palace in England. Peter Jennings is a news anchor for American Broadcasting Company, sorry about using your name, too. What can I say, you're famous! That seems to be all. To summarize it, nothing in this story belongs to me except the concept kinda thing. PLEASE DON'T SUE!!! I have no money 'cept for the dough I'm saving up for college! Thanx!

End
file.